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THE CAUSE,
DEVELOPMENTS AND RESULTS
OF THE
WAR:

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES AND
CITIZENS OF PROVIDENCE,

JULY 4, 1864.

BY REV. SIDNEY DEAN.



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THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

BY THE CITY COUNCIL, July 00, 1864.

RESOLVED, That the Committee on the Fourth of July Celebration be, and they are hereby, authorized to request of the Rev. Sidney Dean a copy of the Oration delivered by him on the fourth of July last, and to cause the same to be published in such manner as they may deem expedient, for the use of the City Council.

A true copy—witness:

SAMUEL W. BROWN, CITY CLERK.

ORATION.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY AUTHORITIES

OF PROVIDENCE, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

On the Fourth day of July, 1776, or eighty-eight years ago this day, the immortal declaration of man's rights was given to the world by a Congress of the Representatives of the American people. John, Quincy Adams, in his masterly oration, pronounced in the city of Washington on the Fourth day of July, 1821, styled it the prologue of an unparalleled drama, the beginning of one mighty action, the middle of which was a calamitous, sanguinary, but glorious war of seven years' duration, and the end an acknowledged nationality.

The prologue contained the germinating principles of a nationality new to earth. It held, in its womb, the doctrine of the created equality of man. Not as a gift from man's fellow, or a charter containing kingly abandonment of power by sovereign pleasure, but a common endowment by birth and being, to certain rights natural and inalienable, prominent among which were a right to the enjoyment and preservation of human life, personal liberty, and the pursuit of the happiness of our being. The new doctrine declared, furthermore, that for the security of these rights, nationalities were born of the providences of God, and governments were established among men.

The institution of governments by men gives us logically the axiom found in the immortal declaration, and accepted as

an Americanism—yet to be an axiom for all peoples, “that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,” all other powers being unjust and usurped.

These great truths underlie the fabric of our American nationality. The root of difference between these and the principles which were at the base of the governments among whom we were born and cradled, is radical. They are alike opposed to the claim of Divine authority for power appended to the accident of birth, and transmitted from virtuous or vicious loins, or the wild fanaticism of atheism which makes men divinities, creating governments in blood, lust and terror. The cap upon the head of our emblematic Goddess does not cover a mind crippled and led by the ignorance, the oppression, the usurped power of seventeen centuries of the modern age, claiming veneration because of antiquity, nor does it cover a heart revolting against God’s moral code, applicable alike to the individual and the nation.

The birth of American liberty was an inspiration from God to the age. The ideal which filled the brain and heart of the sages whom He had called to their birth for the period, was formed by the hand of a Divine moulder. Not alone, or in her laws, was nature acknowledged. From nature’s God the inspiration was drawn, and the title accepted. Before all the rotten courts of the world the gage was thrown down. It was the doctrine of personal, heaven-endowed rights for man, a crown which God formed for the brows of the people. The trinity of lustrous stars set in this new firmament were man’s *right* to life, man’s *right* to liberty, man’s *right* to the pursuit of happiness. Out from these came constellations of beauty and harmony, filling all the sphere or firmament of a people’s government.

Strike either of these fundamentals from our national sphere, and ruin to the fabric must ensue. Strike them all out, and anarchy, or the despotism of dead ages, seats itself upon the throne of empire among us, and its hired minions keep watch and ward over the grave of the world’s liberties. I love those stern old heroes; aye, I love their very graves. They all sleep—they are not dead; for they “were not born to die.”

Each succeeding anniversary of the nation's birth brings them before us. Would God that their inspiration might be ours, and the portion of our children for all time to come!

The seven years' war which followed this Declaration fulfilled the great unwritten law which all history has confirmed. It laid and established every stone in our altar with the cement of patriot blood. No advance in the rights or liberties of a people, no approximation to the practical working in civil government, of man's divine endowment is allowed except upon a bloody war-path. But He who endows gives to the answering patriotism, courage and trust, the benefit of providences more clear and startling in their tracings back to Himself, during such a war, than can be found in times of peace. Hence the history of our first American Revolution is a clear chapter of God's providential hand in war. The young Sampson of nations came down to the red fields of carnage, and with the inspiration which came with the world's new endowment upon him, he rent the lion as if it had been a kid. Seven years from thence, he plucked the honey of an acknowledged nationality from the carcass, and gave to the modern world the ancient riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." We shall yet have to bring another full comb from between the ribs of the old lion's cub, unless he absents himself from the path of our unity and progress.

The close of the war left us to the arts of peace. We are not naturally a war-liking people. The little brush in 1812 awoke our slumbering patriotism, turning it into the channels of war again, until the boastfully proud mistress of the seas struck her flag and contented herself with marine equality. We were content then to go back to agriculture, commerce, manufactures and the development of our national resources for the benefit of the world. Our navy rotted at the docks, and our army dwindled to a comparative cypher. We became a national beehive in our industry. Wealth flowed in upon us like a tide at high flood. The minimum of imports paid the necessary working expenses of our simple Republican Government, and so crowded the treasury that the surplus was distributed to the

people of the States, lest the representative wealth of the country should be locked in idleness within the vaults of the treasury. History was writing the new great fact, that an intelligent Christian nation, taking its underlying principles from God, could govern itself; and with the least possible infringement upon the perfect liberty of the citizen, could develop the greatest success in all departments of society.

The governments of the Old World clothed themselves in priestly vestments, and prophesied of our speedy and irretrievable downfall. Honest, perhaps, at first, doubters next, falsifiers subsequently, they became mere parrots in their utterances, with the old wish ever father to the present thought, until their own people arose and hissed them out of their prophetic place. The ships of emigration covered the ocean with their white wings, the oppressed of other lands sought the shelter of our dear old starry flag, building for themselves and families, first, cabins, then cottages, then palaces of wealth. State after State wheeled into line, and star after star was added to the blue ground-work of our flag. Westward, *North-westward*, the living tide rolled. A cabin, a church, a school-house, a college, a city, then a State, were almost literally "born in a day." And yet our year of national age is not yet reached, for a century to man is as a year to a nation.

Then came a war with our "wayward sister," Mexico. I confess to you that I did not like it then, do not now. You may differ from the speaker; that is your right as American citizens. It did not commend itself to me either in its causes or results. But it showed that the American blood possessed the necessary iron in its composition to make soldiers when soldiers were needed. Of course we were victorious. It was intelligence, muscle, men and wealth, against a poor, ignorant, priest-ridden, corrupt people and government. That war did not close the gates of our industry, or leave men idle in the market-places of our commerce. It hardly affected our surplus population seriously. It gave the nation some graves, sanctified because they held the ashes of heroes, and it brought us home some living ones, broken and maimed by the carnage of war, to be the pensioners upon the free heart-bounty of our great, good government.

The lying tongues of old monarchies had ceased to prate of our downfall. The currents of our national life flowed evenly, with occasional hectic or chill from local disturbance. Our anniversaries were glorifications, our quadrennial elections were strong in their partizan diversity, but stronger still in their unity, and in professions of attachment to the old landmarks of liberty, the Constitution and one nationality. The diseases of our childhood were passed. We were priding ourselves upon a well-developed, perfect manhood, arising to a glorious crowning of age, leading the nations in arts, in manufactures, in agriculture, and in practical inventions. Even the path of our literature was assuming the broad gauge. The college, the press, the bar, the pulpit, and the medical hall, all gave signs of speedily leading the "grave and reverend seigniors" who delved in their departments among the mouldy relics of a past faith and practice in the Old World. The prows of our steamers and ships parted all waters, from the seas of India to the Gulf of Finland. Our flag received the salute of all nations; while the confession of his citizenship by the poorest exile from among us, was his protection.

Were we too proud? God knows; I do not. We had much to glory in. But had we become like Babylon of old in our vain boasting and contempt of God, so that like her we said: "I sit a Queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow?" God pity us if this has been our spirit, for we have a nation filled with widowhood now, and a full baptism of sorrow rests upon our hearts.

We are again at war. For three years it has raged at times with a fury unparalled in the history of this demon who comes "with his garments rolled in blood." The nation is not at war with other governments now. She is standing by her own altars, fighting for existence itself, against banded assassins and traitors, born and cradled under her own flag. Men in the highest executive councils and authority forecast the plans, pilfering the nation to enrich and strengthen the work of villainy. Men raised to senatorial dignities and honor plotted the treason with their ermine on, drawing their daily pay for crime from the treasury of the people. Men educated by the

nation in her war-schools, have gathered and led the alien armies. Even he who was honored with the highest dignity which the suffrages of twenty millions of free people could bestow, sat silently by, with the national sword rusting in its scabbard in his hand, or offered apologies for the crimes of these worse than murderers.

From the hour when rebel shot were hurled against Anderson and Sumter, to the awful battles of the Wilderness, and the appearance of Grant's loyal legions at the gates of Richmond, East, West, North and South, one lurid sheet of war has traversed, leaving the dead, the maimed, the bereaved in its track. Austerlitz, Marengo, Waterloo, pale before Gettysburg, Antietam, Shiloh, Fredericksburg and the Virginia Wilderness, those bloody fields of American history. Kentucky has been washed, Tennessee drenched, and Virginia deluged with the blood of our brave boys. From the Rio Grande to the York river in Pennsylvania, and from thence to the Everglades of Florida, the bloody tide has ebbed and flowed with its ever-changing crests of horror.

Can we find a more profitable theme for our thoughts than a consideration of the cause of this war, its developments, and the lessons which it should teach us? Not that you, gentlemen, composing the City Authorities of this Capital of our State, or the intelligent citizens before me, are not thoroughly conversant with the history which has been in a great measure written during your own lives, but as we give this day to our country as holy time, what more appropriate for consideration than our country's peril and the cause thereof? What vow more sacred to us as citizens than that made in our hearts when we swear that any cause whatever that bathes this land in fratricidal blood, and drapes its households in crape, shall be removed, unless it stands in our *sanctorum*, by our American altar, and with uplifted hand swears that this blood is shed for the heaven-endowed and inalienable rights of man? Man, did I say? All men covered by our flag! Not as a "glittering and sounding generality" should they pronounce the oath, but as one great eternal truth, impressing mind and conscience, baptized and established at the font of Constitutional liberty by the purest

patriots God ever gave to the world. Let us make that vow to-day ; for the blood we have given to preserve the life of the Republic, is none the less holy, pure or patriotic.

What, then, is the cause of this war? Has the nation violated the charter or compact of the sovereignties which underlies nationality? No! Has it trampled upon the rights of the individual traitor, that he has lifted his hand against it? No! Right of representation ; right of aspiration to any office from lowest to highest ; right of choice in pursuits, of education, of worship ; right of travel or domicile ; right of wealth, and its hoarding and distribution ; right of family ; aye, the right of self-expatriation if aggrieved—all personal, social or political rights not incompatible with, or destructive of the just rights of others, have been theirs. Theirs by the sheltering ægis and protection of the government, theirs by the great American birthright.

Have they respected the rights of others? No! Treason against such principles, and such a government as our fathers gave us, cannot leap out of pure minds and honest hearts. Neither can it be born and reach its maturity, with its Medusa's head full-serpent-crowned and hissing, in a day. God does not suffer monsters to be generated and born in a night, that they may stalk the earth on the coming day, with their fangs dripping with the blood of the innocent.

The judgment of the Christian world has already uttered its voice as to the cause of this war. We but reiterate it when we say, that it is to be found in a false system of society, contrary to the spirit and teachings of the Declaration of Independence, created under local, State or municipal law, and fostered by lust of wealth and power. This is the germinal cause. Its beginnings were small, its ratio of increase terrible to contemplate. It was the universality of the system in a large portion of our country, which made such a revolt as this possible. The census of every decade had a voice potent enough to awaken all except those who were dead to patriotism, and alive only to the pursuit of wealth or official emoluments, or who had a blind faith that the foulest despotism the sun ever shone upon, made good democratic, republican citizens. It was a system of

man-owning, woman-owning, child-owning. It claimed the right of one to own another's heart and brain, muscle and blood, sinews and bone, with their utmost of labor, and power of yielding enjoyment, from the first wail of the new-born child, down to the burial of its gray hairs. A right to whip it, right to rob it, right to close the avenues of its mind, right to use or sell it in the shambles of lust or avarice, right to demand the issue of its body under the same conditions for all time, or until God from eternity should abolish the system by closing up all mundane affairs. And around this *claimed* right was made to revolve all local and State law. Statutes were reduced to a system, each striving to blot out the man, the woman, the human child, and bring them to the plane of horses, oxen and asses.

The *owner* lived in his mansion of elegance, his son inheriting it after him. The *owned* living in his rude cabin—his son, he never had one—the master owned the child born in the cabin of his mistress—not wife, and sold him at will for money or spite. The *owner* lived as sumptuously as Dives, the *owned* upon the coarsest and cheapest food, the one having a surfeit of luxuries, the other a famine often of bare necessities. The one kept his Creator's endowment of life, the right to it; of liberty, the enjoyment of it; and the pursuit of happiness; the other had neither; not even the liberty to hope that the accursed mill-stone would be lifted from him in this life, much more to express it. Not one self-evident Divine right, which came fresh with birth and being from the Creator's hand, but what was supplanted, stolen, torn away from this born slave by the strong hand of power. The system was pitiless. Color was nothing in the account, geniture was nothing; the owner himself being father, and the mother the daughter of a free white man, still the child was subject to all the conditions pertaining to the slave relation. To-day, the son of Jeff. Davis, whose mother was the daughter of a free white man, is fighting in the Union army against his own father. The young man is an angel of purity and whiteness, even if the color of his skin is as black as the plumage of a raven, compared with this Jefferson Davis, who is typed in Milton's story of the revolt in heaven, bearing the name of Lucifer.

All State laws, all local community regulations, all custom protected and defended this system. The young scions, sons and daughters of the lordly house, grew up under its influence, felt it in every fibre of their opening being, and scoffed at the democratic doctrine enunciated by Jefferson and the fathers as Divine. Their intelligence, their system so utterly at variance with the genius of our government, made them political economists by study. The South bred statesmen among its free white population, who were possessors of wealth. For years John C. Calhoun has been their model. He was in advance of his man-owning peers in this, that he saw the marked antagonisms of the system, saw that they must culminate, and sought to destroy a true American nationality by making the States independent. The revolt of South Carolina during the Administration of Andrew Jackson, was intended by him to pave the way for the immediate establishment of a Southern Confederacy, the model of which has been copied in the treason now organized with Jefferson Davis at its head. I sympathize with the confession of the heroic Jackson, that he ought to have hung Calhoun for treason. It would have saved Abraham Lincoln the necessity of signing the death-warrant of Jefferson Davis. The Southern mind followed Calhoun. The practical working of their system of society, so antagonistical in all respects to the spirit and letter of our nationality, made them traitors at heart before the bibs were fairly off their necks. The men and women owners of the South were rotten-ripe for the treason before the gun aimed at Sumter gave them the rallying call.

Exceptions there have been and are. Their names will be inscribed upon an immortal page whenever the fog shall be lifted, the cloud parted and dispersed by the blaze of our cannon, so that the nation and world can read their illustrious names, and know the living martyrdom through which they have passed, because of their love of liberty and country. Many of them have been hero martyrs, losing all, even life itself, for their integrity. May their souls repose in the great peace of God !

Such is the state of society where treason lifts its head to-day. Judged by our declaration of rights, or by the genius

of our government formed upon it, it is false, aristocratic, despotic. It is destructive to a just government of the people :

First, In its educational effects upon all the parties in interest. It educates the owner in the spirit of the most selfish despotism. It teaches him to be cruel, barbarous, passionate, proud, haughty and insolent towards his fellows. It educates the puppet to be a slave, a machine. It shuts up his mind in a prison-house of darkness from whence death alone releases it. I care nothing for blatant discriminations or criticisms upon equality. Standing upon our articles of national faith, with their covenants of truth, I believe in the equal rights of Divine endowment. If the tawny or mulatto son of the plantation has not an equal endowment of brain power, he has what God in nature gave him, with a full right to its use. Who is it that God has commissioned as the robber to steal it from him? Let him exhibit his parchment, bearing the Divine signature and seal, and not go into the libraries of the post-diluvian age, beyond the exodus of the slaves of Egypt, to find it.

Second, The system is destructive, because of its moral debauchment. Not merely because it annihilates the sanctity of the marriage relation, which was God-ordained for the whole race, but because the breaking down of any of the great fundamentals of society, as given by Divine law, leads to a spirit of infidelity and a practical atheism. Look at this one feature for illustration. When this treason was being plotted, aye, when it had already unsheathed its dagger, the leading conspirators engaged in it were in places of trust and power in the nation, acting under the solemn sanction of an oath, taken in the name of Almighty God, that they would support and defend the very Constitution and Government which they were then seeking to overthrow. In the high places of the Cabinet, the Senate and the people's House of Representatives, these perjured infidels held high court. Did devils blush at the extent of their infidelity and infamy? They had cause so to do. It shocked the heart of the nation, but did not produce the shudder of horror over the moral debauchment, such as the cause demanded. One hundred years from to-day, a pure,

enlightened and free people will blush upon reading the history of our tame sayings and doings concerning this great moral crime.

Third, It is destructive also in the character of its power. Power in a Republic must be scattered, guarded, protected from liability to abuse, if liberty is to be preserved. Centralization, focalization leads to corruption, if not to crime. The system of society which we are contemplating puts all the power in the hands of the few against the many. The few own its wealth, make its laws, and execute them. They control its commerce, and coalescing with commercial men in the North, have successfully dictated and directed the policy of the general government against free labor, and in the interests of the despotism of slavery. Commerce is always sensitive, yielding a right rather than defending it when profit is at stake.

Two hundred and fifty thousand have not only owned and controlled four millions of laborers, but they have owned the parties and officers of the Government, controlled its legislation, swayed its executive sceptre, and sat upon the bench of the Judiciary, its controlling power. How was this result accomplished? Cotton, commerce, threats of revolt, with a vigorous use of all power attained in the interests of the system, give the answer to our question. It finally crept out from the chambers of locality, dictated party platforms, executive messages, legislative enactments and judicial decisions. And it did it by the unity of its purpose, the focalizing of its power. For every man in its interests, North or South, had to follow in the track of its measures or receive its anathemas. Honest men in party affiliation with its leaders, have dreaded the thunder of its anathemas, more than they have feared the avenging sword of a righteous God. Thank God, that power is now broken. Thousands of our fellow-citizens breathe more freely, and can and do lift up their faces in God's sunlight as freemen should, uttering honest words of loyalty, without a quiver of fear shaking their political muscles. They with us should thank God for this great *grant* to the nation. This is a true "U. S. Grant."

Now, such is slavery in its nature and tenor. Where should it strike its blow of revolt? When would it be most likely to cease

its wordy coercions, and take up the sword against a Government of liberty? Simply when it found that the people could not be led into a change of their national principles, or when fearful of the effect of continued encroachments upon their rights, they should at the ballot box utter a united majority voice, and demand a return to the old landmarks.

A few saw the peril and sounded the alarm, almost a half century ago. They were branded with opprobrious epithets, and cast out of the pale of all existing parties. But God caused the genius of liberty to give their words diamond points, and they cut through the accretions of party, taking hold at last upon the great popular heart—that living, sensitive, honest heart of the community, which, under God, is our country's hope. The stone cut out of the mountain filled the land. The despised mustard seed lifted its branches of hope between the two oceans.

The edict of slavery consolidated the two parties. Of course one of them died. Died, bearing its illustrious and immortal names to its own grave. What could those who revolted against this sale of freemen—white, educated, refined, laboring freemen, voters and law-makers of the country—what could they do but unite and form a party upon a living issue, taking the side of their country's safety, honor and future weal against those mad councils which sought to make it in all its Territories and States one vast lazar house of despotism? All faiths had been shivered, all covenants broken, all compromises annulled; because they did not satisfy the rapacious cravings of this stalwart despotism.

To go back to the old line of national policy, was death to the institution, breaking the sceptre of its power. It must have a national acknowledgment and protection. It must by law have right of transit and domicile in the free States, at the individual master's pleasure. It must have as much of the virgin soil of the territories as it should elect to occupy, and that was all which the country possessed or might acquire by treaty or war. The nation must declare that slaves, white, black or blonde, had no civil or political rights which the citizens or courts of the country were bound to respect. The press

must utter only laudations of the system. The pulpit must curse, in the name of infinite wisdom and goodness, all these supposed descendants—sons, nephews or cousins—of one of good old Noah's unprincipled boys. The people must stop agitating political or moral questions pertaining to the institution, catch and return the fleeing bondman to the labor and lash for which they were born. All these slavery demanded, and more. Thousands of the North and West shouted for immediate acquiescence to every new demand. But the great ground-swell of morality and vital Christianity was gradually swinging the mass of our intelligent laboring citizens round to the old moorings of the Divine, self-evident rights of men, as set forth in 1776. Cotton was not yet the Supreme God. The golden calf of Commerce was not yet enthroned over the public conscience. The "South-side" D. D.'s whose parchments were witnesses of their earnestness and zeal in uttering "Cursed be Canaan," had not enjoyed revivals or poured the water of slavery's baptism upon many converts. The intelligent, Christian, laboring people of America love liberty. Thank God for that!

The one great paralyzing fear of these petty despots of the South, lay in a simple sum of numbers. Ballots count in this government, not swords. Swords count *now*, because slavery willed it, but it will prove now as of old that they "who take the sword will perish by it." Two hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders—add to it but one hundred per cent. and you have half a million; four-fold it with sympathizers, North, East, West and South, and you have but a million all told—what are these compared with the great mass of liberty-lovers who are building towns, cities and States by the magic of free labor, vitalized by education and Christian intelligence? It is as a decimal in the million's place, compared with a unit or whole number. These traitors are adepts in the science of political computation. The first sum in party addition, cast up in an exciting canvass where the slavery question was involved, broke down their last hope of stealing our liberties while the American Sampson should sleep with a cotton bale for his pillow. From that moment the work of dividing the country

commenced in earnest. We were trained only to the arts of peace. Military prowess was not our forte. War,—and especially a war with our “wayward sisters,”—would not of course be thought of. So, when their plans were ripe, their proper tools in office, they split their own Convention in fragments for the purpose of hastening the crisis, ran a slavery candidate for the Presidency, nominally, but a disunion candidate really; and then, when the constitutional majority had elected the executive officers, they, by a concerted plan, stole all the public property in their possession, and turned the enginery of war upon the home government, with its dear old emblematic flag. This was the *how* and *when* as history has written it for the future to peruse. The event has proved that they did not know the people. It has proved more. The people did not know themselves, and their slumbering volume of power. The whole world is learning it now.

This leads me to speak of the developments brought about by this war. And first among these I place a knowledge of the sterling military talents of our people. It shows the versatility of the American nature. The plain, unassuming civilian leads armies almost as fabulous in numbers as that of Xerxes, and handles them with a skill and precision which even the first Napoleon might well imitate, were he fighting over again the battles of his empire upon the fields of Europe. All Europe stands astonished at the military skill and science which leaps out of the brains of our civilian Generals. Let them not provoke our patience until it is weary of forbearance, for the lair of our lion has been disturbed by them already, and the avengement of his honor will be terrible.

Good men have prayed God earnestly that this taste of blood might not change the American nature, making us a warlike people. Most devoutly do we join in that prayer to-day, for the world's sake. But the knowledge of the depth and extent of our military ability, should lead the prudent among the monarchies of Europe not to insult us when chastising the refractory cubs of our own lair, or to attempt to place crowns upon the heads of imported Kings or Emperors in our immediate national neighborhood. For our temporary hurt will but

develop our strength and create a military channel for our skill.

This war has also developed a financial ability equal to our love for and trust in our country's greatness and perpetuity. Thousands of millions have been literally poured into the vaults of our national treasury from the money pouches of our own people. We have not asked a dime from the coffers of the Old World. The national notes-of-hand, with no collaterals as security, have been the only evidence of the fact, but upon their face has been stamped the pledge of the nation's honor for their redemption, and it has been legible to every patriot's eye. The financial minds of other countries pronounced us bankrupt at the start. They croaked with the hoarseness of a raven, and with unfaltering vigilance for two years. Now they await any financial miracle which the genius of the American mind may be pleased to create. The days of astonishment over new successes in the art of financiering have passed away with the old military regime of the battle-field. The American people are showing the world new things in every department; not only new, but better, wiser, surer in successful results. We are Americanizing the brain of the world.

Taxation is new to us. Our fathers felt it as onerous, and shook it off. But it was dictated by a King, and enacted by a parliament in which we had no representation. Now we voluntarily assume the yoke, and tax ourselves for our country's sake. But one voice has been heard speaking from the columns of our loyal press, or from the lips of loyal men and women, and that has been a demand for heavier taxation, in order that the national faith shall not be dishonored until the back of this accursed treason shall be broken, and all its accursed limbs shall be ground to powder. Did a people ever ask for such a thing before? Never; and for the reason that the ruler taxed the ruled, while here the rulers tax themselves; for every man is an American sovereign by acknowledged, self-evident, Divine right. We are carrying a financial load that would stagger an Ajax, or crush the shoulders of a Hercules, but we carry it lightly. We can double its weight and still move lightly, such is the compactness and elasticity of the American nature.

This war has also developed the benevolence, the almost limitless generosity of our people. Treasuries of voluntary benevolence have been created almost by magic. They have seemed to possess the beauty as well as the resources of Aladdin's palace. Their receipts have been counted by millions of dollars, while their unpaid, volunteer agents have been an army of themselves. It is like ourselves, new,—born out of the great sympathies and charities of our people. Not an army of ghouls following our strong columns, to rob the wounded living and the quiet dead on the battle-field, but an army of Christian men and women; each one a Samaritan indeed, with heart and hand full of practical benevolence. The young daughter, not having reached her teens, and the aged mother pressing up to her century of years, with all in the intermediate ages, poor and rich together, have brought their offerings of love and benevolence. To me it is a bright spot, shining with diamond brilliancy, from the deep of the American nature. When the great record volume of our Sanitary and Christian Commissions shall be written up, the whole civilized world will wonder at the extent of our benevolent outpourings.

Now, with these are to be found manifestations which to the loyal mind appear as the brute instinct of the beast, compared with the well-balanced, comprehensive mind and soul of the man. Few they are, for which God be praised! But there are enough to show us to what depths man can fall. We have oily sympathisers with treason; caustic natures who burn with an inward hate at the mention of freedom and equality for the race; secret plotters, workers of the night and darkness, giving aid and comfort to our country's foes; ghouls and vampires who feed and fatten upon "shoddy" in all departments, growing plethoric while drinking the life-blood from every available vein and artery of the government; worshippers at the shrine of past political divinities who died from sheer inanition; timid spirits who take the full weight of the serpent's original curse upon their natures, and fall prone before the feet of this incarnated devil of treason, suing for peace, on any terms, even to their country's dismemberment and death; and lastly, loud-mouthed traitors of the Wood, Cox and Vallandigham school.

These are the small spots upon our sun's disc, but the patriotic glory of the national character in this hour only makes their darkness and hideousness the more apparent.

In spite of them,—over them, if need be—we shall rise to our glorious culmination. Treason will be crushed, and traitors punished; slavery, the cause of this war, will be abolished; proclamations of emancipation, embodying the will of every patriot, will be signed by every loyal hand; the Constitution will speak unmistakably the language of the immortal Declaration of '76; the land shall be free from the pressure of a slave's foot; manacles shall be broken, and the old principles reinstated, both in the law and policy of the government. God and the people will it, and that is a majority in the universe.

Lastly, in the developments of this war. As the rising sun of our national hope, I hail the return of the old patriotism of 1776. It has come upon our hearts like a baptism of old fire. We know now what our fathers and mothers felt, suffered and performed through patriotic love. Over a million men have gone out from home and church; from academic hall and counting office; from pulpit and bar; from farm and artizan's shop; gone from the care, the comforts, the eye of love, with its answering sympathy, as it brightened life's short day; from mother, wife, sister, the love and affianced, and have given wealth, health and all they have and had, to country. Mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, sons, daughters and sweethearts, have given them up with just as pure and patriotic a devotion. Alas! that treason should create such an Aceldama for our people. But better this than that anarchy or national obliteration should be our doom, for with us go the civil rights and religious hopes of the world's great brotherhood. Every life sacrificed in our national army or navy, is an attestation of as pure a patriotism as the world has ever witnessed. To love country better than life, is the purest patriotic devotion.

I was powerfully impressed in reading a letter from the immortal penman of our Declaration, written to a young namesake of his, bearing the date of Monticello, Feb. 21st, 1825. It commenced thus: "This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh

its counsels." * * * * Then he adds: "Adore God, reverence and cherish your parents, love your neighbor as yourself, *and your country more than yourself.*"

That was patriotism in Jefferson's day, and I thank God that our sons are patriots up to the utmost limit of the definition. And when Jefferson closes this letter by saying: "That if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard," I could not but feel that if God does permit the immortal dead to behold the life of the living, all these brave patriots of ours are and have been under his regard, and that of all his illustrious compeers in our revolutionary history.

Has the world ever witnessed such a voluntary leaping to arms? Has it recorded upon its historic pages sublimer courage, greater daring, more heroic and sublime dying? Remember these are not the serfs, the slaves, the hired or impressed minions of despotism, but they are volunteers—citizen volunteers, who followed their free ballot to the field, when the foe menaced liberty, and with unfaltering tread,

"Mid shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke
And death-shot falling thick and fast"

bore the flag of our country to victory. Citizens of all the loyal States, citizens both by birth and adoption, have stood side by side in the great fields of carnage, and have slept side by side in their graves, wrapped in the garments of blood. Where all were brave and patriotic, it would be invidious to discriminate. But, as a State, we can and ought to speak both in pride and sorrow. Our territory has grown patriotic heroes, equal giants among the armies of our sister commonwealths. In office, or in the rank and file, Rhode Island counts her heroes by thousands. The plume of our brave, gallant, *good* Maj. Gen. AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE has never drooped in dishonor, but he has borne it proudly for himself, for us, and for the whole country, upon the hardest-fought and bloodiest fields.

We knew these brothers of ours in the arts of peace; we loved to meet them in the social conclave; we mourn the dead among them with a high and just pride struggling for supremacy over our tears, and we honor them all as the brave,

patriotic, noble sons of Rhode Island. All—those, who in command at the head of the strong columns win for themselves a national renown; those of the sturdy rank and file, every inch of them patriots and heroes, whether they sleep in death, or whether returned to us battle-scarred with veteran honors, their names shall live in our State and country's history when we are dead, and have passed from the memory of all the living.

Side by side with Putnam, Starke, Wolfe, Ledyard, Greene and Perry, and the great galaxy of veterans of the first Revolution, shall stand enrolled Slocum, Rodman, Stevens, Sayles, Ballou, Tower, Bates, Sherman, McIntyre, Shaw, Prescott, Curtis, Ives, Babbitt, Brown, Milne, Kelley, Carr, Carpenter, Bartholomew, Manton, Tillinghast, Gladding, Prouty, Pierce, Taylor, Sawyer, Ainsworth, Gove, Chedel, Nicolai, Hopkins, Briggs, Pendleton, Holbrook, Searkis, A. L. Smith, Kellen, and their no less illustrious, though now unnamed, brothers-in-arms and in death. These are the heroes of Freedom's second great battle upon our soil.

Such devotion, such heroism, must bear its rich fruit into the great unborn future of our country. It must strengthen the palsied arm of the oppressed of all lands, and give to them the courage of a true hope, as well as an example for emulation. It will bear its golden, matured ear into the harvest of the world's true nationality; it will in the death of slavery and the restitution of the doctrine of the Divine right of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, cover our whole land with a sheen of glory, commensurate with our coming national greatness.

Already, some of the great blows made necessary by an overruling Providence, have been struck. They all point freedomward, and admit of no backward steps. They all move us toward the great goal of a frank acknowledgment of the rights of all men, and they move us almost at the rate of a century for each step.

An immortal Declaration of Emancipation has leaped out of the hot furnace of necessity, melting the chains from the bondmen; henceforth they are freedmen, and their children after

them, forever. Thus slavery begins its death throes in edicts and blood. It took the sword; it perishes by it.

A false pride of caste and color into which we were educated by the slave system, has been obliterated. Our swarthy brothers kiss our dear old flag—theirs now also—and bear it bravely upon fields where death gathers his greatest harvest, undaunted by the assassination of their fellows, by these inhuman fiends who violate all rules of civilization. Fort Pillow, with its massacre of the unarmed, will stand as another blasting evidence of the barbarism of slavery. But in spite of the terrors which that example foreshadows for the wounded or captured, these colored soldiers of the Union fight with a courage almost without a parallel, and die for freedom and country with a heroism which the world may well emulate. Is not God causing them to earn their lost or stolen rights as our fathers earned theirs, or as we bleed now to preserve the gift? Will the most bitter partizan dare to ask that the battle-scarred veterans who survive the horrors of this war shall be remanded to life-long servitude, their wives to lust, and their children to the auction blocks and human shambles? No, never!

Emancipation by conventions of the States has also been inaugurated. West Virginia has set up her altar of freedom, and come out from under the dark shadow which has so long rested like a blight upon her industry. Missouri takes her place among the free States of the Union; and Maryland, after the deepest conviction, has found her great awakening result in a statute of eternal clearance from the crushing influences of slavery. Other States must follow.

National legislation is keeping pace with this great march of omnipotent justice across the face of our country. The infamous Fugitive Slave Law, which, as a yoke of ignominy, was laid upon the consciences of a loyal, Christian people, has been blotted out. Henceforth, to “feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bewray not him that wandereth” from servitude, will not subject an American Christian to the pains and penalties of an American law.

“Other signs and tokens” are in our heavens. The shackles are breaking everywhere. Slavery must give up the ghost.

It is the only cause of this awful war. Let us, to-day, as patriots, swear that it shall die the death belonging to the blackest of crimes ; that it shall be locked in a grave which no trumpet of resurrection shall ever disturb. This is our lesson.

Rise, O my countrymen, to the full comprehension and sublimity of your mission ! Your government embodies all rights for man, present and future ! All nations shall yet thank God for its founding, and for this its bloody purification. Lustrous in the sublimity of its glory, like the autumn sun when it bathes itself in splendor at its setting, so shall this government of the people melt into the millennial beauty of earth's last golden days.

